

HARMONY

THE PERILS OF A HYPNOTIZED SISSY BIMBO



SOLAR HARRIS

Harmony: Perils of a Hynotized Bimbo Sissy (Volume 1)

by
Solar Harris

Kindle Edition

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Dedication-

To John

You asked for this.

Xoxo

S

1.

John was beginning to worry that he'd been stood up.

It wasn't a big fear just yet. He was nearly alone in the funky indie coffee shop, and most of the other patrons were busy, absorbed with writing their shitty novels or working on class projects. He didn't know anyone in here, and no one was going to know if he'd been stood up. That's why he'd driven for more than forty minutes, after all. In case anyone *did* show up, no one in an adjacent town was going to recognize him.

But he was nervous all the same. Flirting online was one thing, but meeting someone from *RiftWar* in person was a new and vulnerable step to be taking. The game was full of people who did real-life meetups all the time, of course, but this was different. Most of them met up to celebrate their guild success or just do teambuilding exercises.

That wasn't what this meetup was. This was because the game also had a seedier underbelly, a secret world of sexting and D/S relationships acted out through game mechanics. And John was about to sit down to coffee with one of the most famous women in the game.

Lyla ran a "brothel" inside the game, a discreet service that paired willing submissive players with more dominant alpha types who would occasionally use the subs for sexting, or just to do the shit work of the game necessary for the alphas to upgrade their gear and appearance.

But Lyla had an interest in John that was more than just as a prospect for the brothel. They were having a secret affair in the game, and things were getting hotter with every encounter. At first, it was just long bouts of great cybersex, hours-long sessions that left John sweating, feverish, and still horny enough to hump the nearest piece of furniture.

They switched to voice after text wasn't enough for them anymore. This was intensely erotic. The added realism of inflection, of hearing Lyla's voice as she gave him his every instruction for how

he ought to touch, stroke, and feel himself for her was like pure euphoria. The voice sessions dominated his thoughts during the daylight hours. He was falling in love with this woman but he never imagined it would be more than just this. Then came the revelation. Lyla was open to more. She wanted to meet in person.

Her voice made it persuasive when it should have scared him away. Lyla had an amazing voice, smoky and dripping with sex. John was nervous about taking this vulnerable step, but she was insistent and it only took a few minutes to really strip him of his fears and reservations.

"Relax," Lyla purred over the phone. "It's going to be okay. Just relax and be yourself."

"That's hard," John protested. "I've never done anything like this before."

"Then let me help," Lyla suggested, her invitation throaty, a vocal fry that just about made his skin tingle. "Can you be a good boy? Close your eyes."

He did as she asked, even though she couldn't see him doing it.

"Now take a deep breath. In. Hold it. Out. Nice and slow. Feel that relaxation spreading through your whole body, from the very top of your head down to your curling toes. Again. Feel it spreading. Feel the waves of it crashing over you. Waves of pure, sweet, perfect relaxation."

John let himself go, breathing as instructed, and finding that Lyla had a marvelous seductive way about her. Her voice was so low it was almost a growl, but it wormed its way into his thoughts and quieted them all down.

The next hour passed in a hazy blur. He hadn't realized how tired he was. He'd tried to apologize to Lyla for this, for being slow and sleepy while they were talking, but she'd not been mad at him.

He was relaxed. This was good. He was feeling good and at peace with his body. He was letting Miss Lyla into his thoughts and trusting her with the keys to his mind. If he was feeling sleepy, it was because all the bad thoughts were finally leaving him. He was finding true, perfect relaxation.

He took off his pants to feel more relaxed. He put his hand in his boxers and stroked his cock there because it was going to feel so

much better to relieve that last bit of tension.

Miss Lyla controlled his hand with just her voice. John was not allowed to do anything other than listen to her voice and obey her instructions exactly.

Her voice came to him. Melodic. Sweet. Dripping with sex and promise.

Breathe deep. Breathe out. Feel it all infusing your body with a sense of calm and numb.

You like to listen to my words, John. You like to listen to the gentle hum and thrum of my voice.

You.

Are.

So.

Soft.

It's going soft all over. Your senses, your thinking. Soft everywhere but between your legs.

Because there you're hard, aren't you, John?

You want to be like this all the time.

And you can.

You can feel my breath on you there. Warm. Soft. Soft like your thoughts.

As you

Drift

Further

Down

And drift he did. The words took on their own delightfully mesmerizing quality, and before long, John was half nodding off, his hands still on his erection, touching or squeezing only when explicitly told to by Miss Lyla. And soon he lost track of even that. When he could consciously tell thoughts apart again, he tuned in to what was the end of Miss Lyla's speaking.

"You like to listen to my voice, John. You can imagine my soft hands are where yours are right now. You want to put your face in my breasts and breathe my perfume. Don't you? Go on and stroke, pretty boy. Just one. Hold it. Squeeze. Yes. And..." She made a feminine squeak. "Oh no, no, no more."

John's shoulders shook. His cock throbbed in his hand. He needed more. His brow was sweaty. He was desperate. "Please, Miss Lyla," he'd pleaded. "Just a little more. Just a little more. Please."

And somewhere in there, it happened that Miss Lyla suggested that they stop for the night because John was getting too agitated. That they finish this by meeting up in person. It was pure torture. He'd never been edged like this before, taken to the brink and then yanked back. Denied. In beautiful agony.

Whatever happened next was going to be left up to the imagination. He didn't know why he agreed. The moment the call ended, Jon realized he was more ragingly horny than he'd ever been in his life. He wanted more. He needed more. He wanted to meet Miss Lyla. He wanted whatever was going to come next.

This was why John was waiting in this coffee shop. This was why he was nervous.

The woman who took the chair opposite him five minutes later was tall. She had dark auburn hair that swept dramatically back from her eyes in a flirty razor cut that went just past her ears. She had dark mascara, plum lips that shone with perfect gloss, and a prominent piercing in that bottom lip - a ring with a small diamond set in the center.

She wore a tight corset top that emphasized her impressive chest: milky white cleavage that spilled out from the top and drew attention to the glimmering pendent she wore around her neck. Her long jewel-encrusted nails tapped on the edge of the coffee table. The tight leather pants she wore made an audible sound when she leaned forward to smile and hold out one hand.

"Hello, John. Of course you're John. I'm not wrong, am I?" Her voice was the same. She looked a tremendous amount like the succubus avatar she used in the game.

John was stunned. He stammered. "Y- yes? Hi. you must be Lyla?"

Her lips pouted and then she smiled nice and wide. "Of course. But I'll forgive you being informal with me here, pretty boy. When we leave here, you're going to remember your manners, though, and call me 'Miss Lyla' again. At least until I become your formal

mistress. Then we'll change the honorific. But by then you'll be so good. So obedient. You won't even need a reminder."

John swallowed hard. "I.. I wasn't sure what exactly was going to happen once we met up."

Miss Lyla just smiled again. She held her hand up and fingered the pendent resting comfortably just between her impressive breasts. "Of course you're not sure. but you can feel it, can't you?" She locked eyes with John and whispered one word, quite deliberately.

"Bimboslut."

Something clicked inside John's brain. He felt half the world just bleed away to nothing. He sat up a little straighter, and gasped loudly. Something he'd quite forgotten clicked into place. He remembered the rest of the call with Lyla in perfect clarity.

"I want to be controlled," John answered automatically, obeying the hypnotic trigger and giving the correct response.

Miss Lyla looked so pleased with him, then. She reached forward and dragged her long nails across his cheek. "You want more than to just be controlled. You want to be perfect. Obedient. You want me to do more, don't you, pretty boy?"

His cock throbbed in his pants, remembering how hard and urgently lustful she'd made him over the phone. He still hadn't managed to cum since the call, and now he remembered why. Deep in her trance, he'd been told he could only cum with her permission. "Please, Miss Lyla, may I cum?"

She giggled lightly and patted his cheek. "Keep your voice down, pretty bimboslut."

John felt his hardness spasm in his pants. A new surge of lust and helpless obedience overtook him. Was this going to happen every time she used that trigger word? "Unnngh," he groaned. "Please...control me. Please, Miss Lyla."

"John? Pretty boy... do you want to come with me? Do you want to get up and get in my car and come to my house?"

He couldn't take his eyes off of her. He was staring at the gem in the pendent, seeing it glow ever more pink. "Yes," John groaned. "Yes, Miss Lyla."

"If you come with me, you're going to be changed. You're going to be controlled. *Boytime*," she intoned seriously.

The lust left him for a moment and John could think like himself again. It felt cold. Empty. Like being thrown into the deep end of a cold pool. "What are you doing to me?" he gasped.

"I brought you out of your trance," the stunning beauty across the table from him said quite matter-of-factly. "I think it's important you make the decision seriously. Not under the influence. If you want, you can get up from the table right this very moment and you can do something else with your life. You can step out the door, stay John, and go on with your life. You won't talk to me anymore and I won't control you, trigger you, or prey upon you. But if you stay, if you want to feel your cock harder than it's ever been, if you want to be controlled and transformed and serve me as the perfect version of yourself, then you just need to do one hard thing."

He shivered. He knew he should get up and leave. This wasn't just a game. This was something more that he hadn't counted on. It couldn't be actual power. Actual magic. Could it?

"What?" he croaked. "What's the one thing?"

He knew he shouldn't have asked. But his curiosity was aroused as the rest of him had been a few moments earlier.

"You kneel in front of me. Right now. In front of anyone else in this coffee shop. You dedicate yourself to me. Do this, even though it's hard. Even though it's a little bit humiliating. Do this and know that it's serious. If you kneel in front of me, you won't be free again until the day you want me to disappear from your world forever."

John felt his blood chill and goosebumps rise all along his arms. Miss Lyla was cool, calm, and collected while she delivered this pronouncement. "But what will happen next?" he pressed.

"You won't know until it starts. But you'll know pleasure like you've never known before. That's the promise."

She was beautiful. Stunning. Seductive. And his life wasn't so great that he didn't want to know what was behind her intriguing but mysterious talk.

"I shouldn't do it," John fidgeted.

"The time is now. Make your choice." She pushed her hair back, stood from the table. "I need to move on, one way or another. I can't waste my time when you're just playing games with what you know

is in your heart, pretty boy. I've heard you confess your true self to me. This is just about if you want to admit it."

The words shocked him to the core, but it was the thought of being away from her presence, her aura, that feeling of excited dangerous arousal was what made John stumble as he hurried to get up to his chair. "Wait," he stammered. "Please. Miss Lyla, wait. Don't go just yet?"

She looked at him, tall, haughty, the corset showing off an hourglass figure that was accentuated when she rested a hand on one hip and smiles invitingly. "Oh? Is there something you want to be doing, pretty boy?"

He did it, then. He dropped to his knees in front of her, bowing his head and resting his hands on his lap while she rested her leather boot on his knee. "What do I do now," he whispered, his ears burning while he felt the stares of everyone else in the coffee shop on him.

"You come with me," she purred. "Come with me, pretty *bimboslut*."

The trigger took him, and his hard-on returned with a vengeance, tenting his khakis and quickly causing a dark wet spot to spread from the pointiest part of the tent outwards.

Miss Lyla curled a finger under his chin and lifted it to stare at her looming over him. "Good girl. You're going to come with me now, my horny little *bimboslut*. You're going to come with me and you're going to become someone new. What do you say to that?"

"Yes, Miss Lyla," John whispered.

"Cum your pants," Miss Lyla ordered. "Spurt your messy boy cummies all over your pants. Make as much noise as you want, pretty *bimboslut*. Then follow me out to my car."

John's squeals drew attention, but he didn't care. As the wetness squished around the cock he couldn't control and his wetness spread, he bucked on the ground and then scrambled to his feet to follow the swinging hips of his new Miss.

This was the last time anyone would see John looking quite so much like just plain old boy John again.

2.

The ride in Miss Lyla's car was a blur. John rode in the passenger seat of Miss Lyla's high-performance coupe barely noticing that this was a nicer car than he'd ever been in his life.

He couldn't concentrate on any of that. He was busy squirming in his seat, aware of how he'd just cum his pants, the wet sticky shame now all over him. Just as Miss Lyla had ordered. He couldn't NOT think about the feeling of it every time he shifted, and he HAD to shift because there was this constant horny buzz racing through his body ever since he'd gotten on his knees in the coffee shop.

Miss Lyla turned up the stereo in the car, blasting sexy high-intensity jams while she sped down the highway. "You're quiet, pretty thing," she commented once they'd exited the freeway in a part of the Inland Empire John had seen on signs but never visited.

"I don't know what to say," John stammered.

"That's okay," Miss Lyla said with a warm smile. "A 'yes, Miss Lyla' will suffice most of the time, I'm sure." Her smile turned up at the end of that pronouncement, and to his shame, John felt his hard-on returning.

They pulled up in front of a nice two-story home in a relatively sleepy suburban neighborhood. Miss Lyla pulled the car into the garage and stepped out with a smile, gesturing for John to follow. "Is this your home?" John inquired just to break the silence. The discomfort of feeling the mess in his underwear was back.

"Not exactly," Miss Lyla replied with an enigmatic smile. "It's the home of girls I visit often, though. Right this way, sweetheart, you need to clean up, I'm sure. Was it uncomfortable riding all the way here with your messy boy cummies in your panties?"

John felt his ears bloom red hot. "I... uhh..."

"Here is one of those occasions when a simple 'yes, Miss Lyla' is a perfect answer," she said with a gentle corrective tone.

"Yes, Miss Lyla."

"Good girl. We'll get you cleaned up right away."

She snapped her fingers, then pointed to her right hip. "This means you're to come to me, girl. For now, you don't need to crawl.

But attend. And be quick about it."

John swallowed. He felt suddenly out of his depth. What was even going on here? He hurried to the position Miss Lyla ordered, however, joining her at her right while she keyed a code on the door and admitted them to the home.

"Good girl," Miss Lyla purred as she opened the door.

"You keep calling me a girl," John fidgeted as he stepped through the door after her.

"Because that's what you are, silly little bimbo slut," Miss Lyla answered with a bright sparkling laugh. "Just look around you. This is a home for bimbo sluts. That's why I brought you here."

The trigger word shot through John like a sex toy set to high. It buzzed in his mind and his soul, bringing him to sudden exhilarating arousal. In his pants, he got almost instantly hard again, his bulge clear in his wet and stained khakis. The second trigger in a row hit like an aftershock, making John lift up to his tiptoes and groan out loud.

Only now did he get a better look at the decor of the home he was in. The walls were bright shiny pink, finished with white molding and accents. As they walked into the kitchen, John saw this gourmet island kitchen was finished exclusively in pink again. It was like living in a doll's dream house. As he gazed out at the dining room beyond, and was led through to a living room done up in pink and white with pillows covered in fake feathers, fur, and jewels, he knew this was no small stylistic aside. Whoever had decorated this house was serious about the theme.

No. It was more than a theme. The whole house would be like this. Someone like Miss Lyla didn't live here. It was an extreme look for a house, more like a dollhouse than a functional place for a woman like she seemed to be. He gaped openly. "What is this place?" he breathed.

"I told you. This is a home for pretty bimbo sluts," Miss Lyla answered, leading him to a spiral staircase trimmed in white shag carpeting. The trigger set John off again, making him gasp and stagger as his vision blurred to pinkness and he stared helplessly at the curve of Miss Lyla's ass in her tight shiny pants. She turned, saw,

the effect he had, and spanked her ass once, enough to elicit another shaky groan from John.

Miss Lyla seemed to take incredible delight in that reaction. She clapped her hands together and reached over to give John a gentle squeeze through his ruined trousers. "You see? You love that. You love the feeling of being a brainless little bimbo, don't you?"

John didn't trust himself to answer at first, so he just made a compromised groan.

Miss Lyla was not satisfied with this response. She bent forward, caressed John by the chin, and lifted it up to force him to stare into her penetrating eyes. "Speak up, pretty girl. What's the matter? Don't you like the idea of being a pretty bimbo for me?"

"I'm afraid," John confessed. "This feels like more than just a little playing. Whatever you've done to me, I can't stop it."

Miss Lyla laughed. "Oh, don't be silly. Of course you can stop it. You can't hypnotize a person who doesn't want to be hypnotized. This isn't the cartoons, you silly bimbo. On some level, you're desperately ragingly horny at the idea that given the right permission structure, you could surrender every silly decision in your life over to a strong goddess like myself. More than just the control, you're turned on by what I want to transform you into. You don't love anything in particular about being a boy, but you're shuddering and sopping at the idea of being a sexy girl, aren't you?"

John groaned.

Miss Lyla tightened the grip on his chin. "Use your words, pretty bimbo."

"...I don't know. This is all so new and unexpected. I'm trying to figure things out."

"That sounds a lot like you're still trying to think," Miss Lyla said, sighing with a drama that was meant to communicate just how tiresome she found this tactic John had chosen to employ. "Very well, we need to do this the harder way. Come this way, silly little bimbo."

John jerked forward, expecting the second half of the trigger word to land once again. When Miss Lyla withheld it, he whimpered. He didn't *want* her to keep on triggering him into oblivion, but he

missed the pleasure that came with it having come so close to having it once again.

Miss Lyla snapped her fingers and pointed down by her right hip. Then she started right up the steps without waiting. "I'll remind you that you knelt to me and submitted in front of strangers in a coffee shop," Miss Lyla said without pausing or looking over her shoulder. "I'll remind you that you made a big cummy mess in boy panties because you were so happy to do it for me. You're sticky and ashamed of how you're acting right now. Come with me and do it quickly and you can find a way to make it better, pretty bimbo."

John hesitated only a moment. The conflict in him was at war with now very strong impulses and desires to do more, feel more, have this continue no matter what. *Yes. God, yes.*

He hurried to join her, attending to her right hip at the top of the spiral staircase, finding himself on a spacious landing with a little sitting area done up in more human-sized dolly furniture. Miss Lyla led John past all that and to a big door with a fake diamond for a doorknob. She turned it.

"I think you're playing hard to get," Miss Lyla intoned seriously. "You're resisting because it feels good to you, to play a game. You want to have it both ways, maybe. I think what's more likely is that you're trying to hold on to some of John's foolish male pride. You think you can put on a show of resisting me and acting like this is happening against your will. I don't mind a little bit of fun, silly bimbo. I certainly get wet at breaking a boy down and helping him realize his true place in the world. But I also think we need to do something about this rebellious streak that's spoiling the fun for both of us. Wouldn't it be better if we could just have fun? Don't you want for us to just have fun, pretty bimbo?"

John joined Miss Lyla at the door. "What's in there?" he asked in a timid voice.

"In here is what's going to be one of your very favorite rooms," Miss Lyla answered, resting her hand on John's crotch again. "But it's also the room that's going to break you." She squeezed John's hardness. "Shall we go inside and begin?"

He was helpless to do anything but follow after that. John let Miss Lyla open the door and lead him by his foolish cock into the

most beautiful bathroom and personal beauty salon he'd ever seen.

3.

The room was all polished marble and elegant gold filigree. Edison lamps hung from the ceiling to add a charming touch of sophistication to the expansive room, but the wall of mirrors and vanity stations along the far wall were bathed in the pure light of dozens of bright bulbs balanced to no doubt ensure a perfect makeup application each and every time.

The centerpiece of the room was the large jacuzzi tub, big enough for three or four people it seemed like. The spa/tub was set into the wall, fed by giant waterfalls that could be triggered with an elaborate series of taps set into the polished pink marble of the tub itself. This half grotto was adjoined by a more traditional but no less expensive-looking tub. Beyond that was both an individual shower stall and a larger group unit also done up in the marble grotto look of the jacuzzi tub.

Miss Lyla escorted John to the center of the big room and smiled at him. "Isn't it just beautiful? Everything you could ask for, isn't it, pretty girl?"

John just swallowed, shifting on his feet and trying to keep from getting too dizzy. This was all happening so fast. In the back of his mind, he understood sort of what was happening. Miss Lyla kept talking to him as though he were a girl. She made repeated references to transforming him into a bimbo. At first it seemed like dirty talk, the kind she used on the phone during their hottest sessions. But now he was standing in a human-scale doll dream house in the most elaborate and feminine bathroom he'd ever seen.

The only question remaining in John's mind was how far this might be about to go. How far he'd allow it to go. How far he'd be bent into allowing. Because she *was* bending him. John could feel it. He didn't want to think about what she'd taunted him with, that he was on some level wanting this to happen.

"Darling," Miss Lyla said reprovingly. "You didn't answer the question. Isn't this everything you could ever ask for?"

"I don't know if I've ever asked for any of this," John answered with hesitation. He felt like every word was a trap. If he used the wrong ones, he'd trigger a certain doom here at her hands. "It's an amazing room, though," he added to as not to anger her.

Miss Lyla's eyes narrowed. "Hmm, it seems we're still trying to hang onto some of that male pride I talked about. So be it. That must be a terrible burden, keeping you from having the fun that you deserve. We can fix that for you, pretty thing. You need to feel light and breezy and utterly ready to have the carefree fun that you deserve. You need it, want it, somewhere inside, that warm gooey pink feeling is spreading isn't it? Winding its way through your body. So soft and smooth and making you feel so... relaxed."

John had a witty retort ready at the start of her speech, ready to assert that he was fine having a little male pride because after all, no matter how much she tried to trick him, he was male.

But she kept talking.

Her words were soft, smooth, comforting, and they slid into his ears and tickled his thoughts like they were lubricated. He wasn't ready to defend against it. He assumed she'd give some kind of formal cue that she was going to try to hypnotize him further. But this time, Miss Lyla eased straight into it when John was barely paying any attention at all.

The warm pillowy cushion of pinkness returned to John. He settled into it, his thoughts drifting away and centering entirely on her controlling, powerful, domineering voice. Miss Lyla leaned in closer to him, fixing him with a controlling stare he found impossible to look away from. Her perfectly glossed lips brushed ever so gently against his own, and John tasted cherries and candy there. Or was that all in his head.

"You hate having to think for yourself," Miss Lyla whispered what seemed like directly into his head. "It's so heavy and boring. Those boy thoughts are the heaviest and most boring, aren't they? And they're such a burden because deep down inside you know you're not very good at being a boy, pretty thing. You aren't interested in sports or working on your body to be strong and attractive to women. You've gone a little soft and ooshy." She drew the word out and John felt himself grow a little weaker. "Why would

you do that if you didn't want to be the alpha male, the one who makes girls stain their panties with their own wet sticky juices?" Miss Lyla inquired.

"I... don't know..." John mumbled thickly.

"You know," Miss Lyla taunted with more than a little playfulness in her voice. "Because secretly, you've been wanting someone to just take it all away from you. Someone to recognize that you're not cut out to be a male at all. You should be turned. You should be bent and shaped and made into the kind of pretty sexy brainless bimbo trophy that makes cocks hard and doesn't have to think too much for herself. Wouldn't that be better? To give up on the things that you're failing at and surrender your free will to someone who knows what's best for you? Wouldn't it be easier to just do whatever the nearest hard cock told you to do? Wouldn't life be so much sweeter if the biggest worry in your life was where you were going to meet the next hard, pulsing, sticky alpha dick to get shoved in your pretty pussy?"

John tried his hardest then. "I'm not... gay..." he whispered.

"It's the furthest thing in the world from gay for a pretty bimbo girl to want a hard cock in her mouth," Miss Lyla purred. "And that's why you need to be a girl, isn't it, John? Because you're not a gayboy. You're a girl who needs to not be a boy anymore."

She reached down then, felt for John's crotch and made a girlish squeal, mimicking a bimbo who'd just been delighted to find a hard cock waiting for her. John felt his defenses weaken. Her hand on him felt so amazingly good. He worried he might cum his pants a second time right there and tried desperately to control himself.

A thought came to him, then. If he could just actually cum, he might get a much-needed moment of clarity back. He could fight. Pull away from this.

"You already surrendered," Miss Lyla intoned, almost a drone that bored into his skull. "You're already mine. You knelt on the ground to me and surrendered. This isn't about having a chance to change your mind. This is about accepting what's about to happen to you. This is about wanting the gifts I'm about to give you. My perfect. Pretty. Pinked. Bimbo. SLUT."

It hit John like a freight train of perfect undiluted lust. His hardness surged in his pants. His balls contracted painfully. The

throb moving through him was like a punch to his soul. He moaned out loud, a low, deep, slutty moan that was the most feminine thing he'd ever done in the throes of desire.

Miss Lyla nibbled his earlobe. "Strip, my slut. Now. Naked. Now."

John hurried to obey, unbuttoning his polo and tugging it over his soft undeveloped shoulders. Then came the shoes and pants, yanked off in a rush. When he had to pull down his boxer briefs, John winced from the pain. Some of the messy cum from the coffee shop had dried against his skin and the fabric. Separating it was momentarily painful, but the sharpness was not enough to punch through his mental fog. He became naked for her, forgetting to be embarrassed of a body he'd been in the process of slowly ceding to his slowing metabolism. He stood there, his short but not shamefully tiny cock standing at rigid turgid attention for Miss Lyla while she watched with her lips pouted, her breasts thrust out, and her hip popped provocatively, as if modeling the differences between their bodies in that moment.

She indicated with just her face that John was to stand still. While he held still, naked and about to shiver in the chill air of this bathroom, she paced around him slowly, inspecting John from head to foot. She noted his leg hair, the heavy rug of pubic hair he'd never known if he was supposed to maintain as a guy or just let go. She lingered here, teasing it with one finger. Then, at last, she seemed to come to a decision. She snapped her fingers and in a clear voice called out. "Personal tub. Fill. Eighty degrees. Bimbo scent."

It was a smart home. The bathroom responded with a little chirp. LEDs flashed on the single tub's faucet and then a gentle cascade of water poured almost soundlessly from its big waterfall faucet. Miss Lyla held up a hand, indicating John should stay where he was. She turned to the drawers in the nearest vanity and came up with an oblong device in white and magenta plastic. The grip was contoured and textured, and the head wide and finished in a metal grill. When Miss Lyla approached with it, John's eyes widened.

"We need to do something about your bush, girl," she said with a teasing smile. "It's a jungle down there. You need something more refined. Of course, a bimbo likes to keep her ladygarden perfectly

smooth and hairless like a porno star, but you're still hesitating. Afraid to admit that's what you want. So I'm going to make you beg me to make you perfect and smooth between your legs. All I'm going to do right now is shear you. Like Delilah stripping Samson of his manhood and his power."

The tub was half full already. From a separate spigot, a rainbow gel poured to mix with the waterfall. The tub was filling with beautiful bubbles scented sweet and pretty like they were at a carwash. Now Miss Lyla guided John by his raging member to the edge of the tub. She placed a towel on the floor and had him stand on it.

"You're... not serious," John whispered, understanding what was going to happen at last.

"Of course I am. And you are, too. Spread your legs slightly, pretty girl. Time to take your first step towards being a proper *bimboslut*."

The trigger worked on him big-time. John groaned and felt his cock surge with lust. He opened his legs, wanting to reach up and grab his member so that he could stroke off quickly and get to thinking right. Something stopped, him, though.

Miss Lyla switched on the electric body groomer. It hummed and buzzed in her hands. She purred and knelt. "This," she giggled, "is one of the few times you're going to have this view, pretty bimbo. Enjoy it."

She didn't give John a chance to reply. The groomer swept quickly and decisively over his groin. Tufts of his pubic hair fell away as she quickly and efficiently trimmed his unkempt mess into a tidier display. She was so practiced and skilled. John found himself marveling at it when she suddenly went further, reaching up to cup his balls in her smooth feminine hands. His arousal surged and he groaned again out loud.

"It is vitally important, pretty girl, that you do not flinch during this next part. Don't twitch, don't buck, don't squirm. Even if you're feeling incredible delight and arousal," Miss Lyla cautioned.

John blinked. "What? Why? What are you doing? Aren't you done?"

Then, just like that, Miss Lyla switched the groomer back on and eased the big grill right up against his skin, dragging it gently but

firmly over his balls and "undercarriage" in measured strokes, using her fingers to keep his skin taut.

She was shaving his balls. More than that, she was having some kind of effect on John's psyche. Seeing himself being shaved by this beautiful and controlling woman was doing things to John's perception of himself.

This one small part of himself was being transformed. He was starting to see a tiny little peek at a different version of himself. Was this... was she... actually going to...

Miss Lyla guided the groomer against John's skin, up and on either side of his erection. In a few more careful strokes, she was sweeping most of his now-groomed pubic hair off, exposing pale smooth skin beneath. Except... in the center.

She shaved him down to a little landing strip pointing straight at his helplessly hard cock.

He looked like a girl except for his hard-on.

He looked like a girl. Just a little bit.

"Time to get in you bath, pretty bimbo," Miss Lyla instructed. She held up a traditional women's shaving razor. Like everything else it was pink. "Something tells me you're excited to get smooth in a few more places."

4.

To avoid getting her outfit wet, Miss Lyla removed the majority of her clothing, electing to strip down to her corset and her panties. These, a deep royal purple, rose to a tiny little shimmering V where her asscheeks met her tailbone. When she bent over to shave John's most delicate bits, the twin pale hills of her plump behind rose up and utterly captured John's attention. He was passive and did not resist the removal of hair from his chest, his buttocks, his armpits, and his legs. He was utterly and completely helpless in the headlights of her beauty.

During a twenty-minute soak, Miss Lyla shaved John smooth from the neck down. Only the tiny little landing strip pointing to his uncontrollably rigid erection remained, the effect looking even more feminine than if she'd removed it entirely.

The overall mental impact of what Miss Lyla was doing was massive. It was like a sledgehammer straight to the most impressionable and pleasurable part of his brain. When the water drained and John stood there, mesmerized as she toweled him off. Seeing him in this state only seemed to make her smile more broadly. "Look at you," she trilled. "You're becoming better already. Aren't you?"

A tiny little bit of reason returned to John just then. "This... is going to be hard to hide back home. Back at my life."

Miss Lyla smiled bigger. She stepped forward, taking hold of John by his quivering erection, and pulling him close to her as though it were a leash. "And what makes you think you're going home any time soon? Do you know where you are? Were you paying attention? This is a home. This is where pretty sissy bimbo fucktoys live. Look at yourself in the mirror," she invited. "Do it right now."

John did as she asked, watching as Miss Lyla dramatically whipped the towel off of his body and let the glistening smooth form of himself become visible in the reflection. "Do you look like the same person you were when you met me for coffee?"

He was aroused. He was impossibly captivated by her words, by her touch, and by the way her shaving him had robbed him of some of his reluctance and resistance. But it wasn't enough. And the prospect of how permanent her designs seemed to be was frightening to John.

"Kind of?" he waffled.

The answer displeased Miss Lyla. He saw a dark cloud cross her face for an instant- but only an instant. In the next moment, her controlling, measured smile returned, and John could see a momentary and playful gleam in her eye. "Oh, I see. So we're still playing coy. Still having our little games. Please let's not do the 'oh no' game, little boy. It's such a tired and boring refrain. Just once, I wish one of you hot little slits had the balls to admit that you've secretly wished for something like this your whole confused little lives. Why does the male psyche feel this idiotic need to assert its manhood in the very process of being rock hard at the idea of having that same manhood stripped away?"

She squeezed John's hard-on, then, and it felt excruciatingly good. He whimpered out loud. "Oh gosh," he fidgeted. "No, it's not that, I do like some of these things. You can feel them. It's just that I can't do this full-time."

In response, Miss Lyla removed her hand from John's erection. "Stand here. Don't move. I know how we'll fix this."

She strutted from the room, still in just her corset and thong, her hips still moving in big seductive arcs as she walked that John found impossible to look away from. John stood there, rooted, obedient, in conflict with his own emotions and stinging from her words. He felt so confused. So unhinged. But also so undeniably entranced by what she was doing. He could run right then, probably. He could find some clothes and escape and hitch back home.

Only then did John realize his clothing was gone. In his hazy trance, he'd lost track of not only his boy clothes, but also everything in them. His wallet. His phone. His life as a poor confused boy who'd been horny enough to meet a girl on the internet without thinking through the consequences.

Miss Lyla's return interrupted his terror-filled reverie. "My clothes are missing," John said thickly.

"Silly thing, of course they're not," Miss Lyla answered with a smug smile. She held up a hanger, on which was a dress. "They're right here."

John's blood went cold. He felt blood rushing to his ears, but also...back to other places.

Miss Lyla saw this and just laughed. "Ah, having more conflicted thoughts, are we? Let me see if I can help. I don't want you to do something you truly don't want to do, after all. So let's make a deal, John. Does that seem like a good idea?"

"What- what's the deal?"

Miss Lyla now held up the rest of the ensemble in her other hand. Shoes. Stockings. A bra and panties. "The deal is this. You will allow me to dress you in this pretty girly sissy outfit. You will not whine or protest. You will happily consent to me dressing you up. When I'm done, you can look at yourself in the mirror. If you can still honestly say that becoming my pretty bimbo sissy doesn't make it uncomfortably tight for you in your new panties, then we'll call the whole thing off. I'll return your ugly boy clothes to you and your phone and the rest and you can go back to being John. I'll drop you off at your car and that will be the end. Do we have a deal?"

John hesitated, but saw that upside and nodded. "Okay. You can dress me."

Miss Lyla clicked her tongue in disapproval. "Let's try that again, pretty girl, but in a way where it doesn't seem like I'm begging YOU to LET me feminize you to pretty pink oblivion."

John swallowed. "Please, Miss Lyla? Will you dress me up?"

In response, Miss Lyla set the dress on a hook and put the items of clothing on the vanity - all but one. She approached, holding a pair of simple white cotton panties in front of her. They had a full back and were otherwise plain and unremarkable but for two little white satin bows in front near the hip bones. "Kiss these, pet. Just once. These are the start. Nothing too girly, nothing to make your male sensibilities immediately flare up. But I'm betting that once you put these on, you'll want more. Girlier. Fancier. Prettier. These are the start of your journey. Kiss your first pair of real panties, pet, and then put them on."

John did as he was told, feeling a torrent of unfamiliar emotions zipping through his being. Then he held still, lifting one leg at a time until Miss Lyla had him standing in the panties.

She pulled them up herself, using one hand to gently but firmly control his erection until it was soft enough to be tucked back. "We want a pleasing flat front," she teased. Then she finished the job.

The panties were tight, so tight that they clung to his body and held his member in place securely between his legs. John had to catch his breath upon feeling them. While they weren't that special, they looked far more feminine on his new hairless body, and the cut scooped so low that the little landing strip of pubic hair was only barely concealed. The back was stretched tight over his rear, but looked, if he squinted, more feminine than he'd thought his butt could look.

"Good girl," Miss Lyla purred in John's ear. "Now for another big step. Your first training bra."

The way she said it sent little ripples of excitement through John. "Training" implied there was more to come. But she couldn't be serious. Could she?

The bra had very little in the way of cups, so the white cotton covered his slightly dough-y "manboobs" and fit them much better than John was expecting. The catch in the back Miss Lyla made him attempt by himself, moving his hands with hers to learn the hook-and-eye closures and then adjusting the straps for a fit.

"How do you feel?" She asked when they were done.

"Funny," John replied truthfully. "And the bra is... uncomfortable."

"Yes," Miss Lyla agreed. "The price of beauty. I won't say it gets better, but you will get used to the restrictive feeling. Now come on, more to be done."

John stared at himself for another moment. His hair was still short and shaggy, and he looked far from attractive, but the effect of being in the white cotton training bra and matching panties with smooth hairless legs and a chest that was more bare than he'd been since puberty hit was shocking. It was transformative in a way he couldn't quite look away from.

Slowly, Miss Lyla guided John to a seat on the vanity, tugging stockings up his smooth legs. That sensation just about drove John wild. It was so different than having hair, and the clinging gossamer fabric so tight around his newfound smoothness. She secured the thigh-high stockings and then grinned happily, guiding his feet into bubblegum pink shoes. They had a heel on them, but a big platform heel, and buckled at ankles.

"A day of firsts," Miss Lyla crooned at him. "First heels!" I should make you walk in them, but I can see how eager you are to put on the dress. So why wait?"

She stood John up, letting him get used to the new center of gravity.

The dress was poofy at the skirt, with lots of lace and ruffles. The top was stretchy and white, and the sleeves had a lot of poof to them at the shoulders. It was a sissy dress, girly and infantilized. Pink like the rest, the dress was a perfect match for the shoes. Miss Lyla guided the big girly dress over John's head, cinched it tight at the waist and drew the zip up the back with obvious relish. Then she smoothed the skirt and turned John to face himself in the reflection.

What he saw made his cock strain in his new panties. He feared the question she was about to ask him.

"Well now," Miss Lyla purred. "Do you hate what you see?"

"I- I-"

"I'll ask another way, then. Are you my pretty sissy girl? Say you are and it will continue. Say you aren't and I'll be gone from your boy life forever. I only like bimbo sluts."

John swallowed.

"Tell me. Are you my pretty sissy girl? Do you want to be my bimbo?"

5.

"Yes."

The words came out of John in a shudder. There was no containing the sudden lust in his body. He kept staring at himself in the mirror, at the pretty sissified version of himself that was in front of him, staring back. Still a boy. Still John. But on his way to becoming someone else.

As reward for his honesty, Miss Lyla drew John in, cupping his face with both hands and kissing him full on the mouth.

It was a long, slow, dirty kiss, their tongues meeting and entwining while Miss Lyla reached under John's dress to tickle him through his panties. That sensation was almost enough to make John spasm where he stood. The brushing of fingers over the pink satin that in turn caressed and sheathed his cock in one of the girliest fabrics he could imagine was pure ecstasy. He grew even harder, which only made Miss Lyla giggle more.

"It feels good, doesn't it? Finally admitting what's been in your heart for a while. That even though you've been going through life in this uninteresting male body, soft and doughy and not even in the best shape you could hope to be in for a male - that there's another way. A body shape you think you could not only attain, but look *hot as fuck* in. Be honest with me, pet. This isn't the first time a thought like this has crossed your mind, is it?"

Her fingers stroked at John's crotch through the panties, two fingers moving as through spreading invisible labia and teasing the slit between them. John had to shut his eyes and suck in a breath before he was able to utter even a one-word response. "I- I don't know."

"Think back," Miss Lyla purred, ushering John to a seat at the closest vanity. "Think back and be still. You've chosen to become my bimbo, and that starts with a makeup job. You'll learn to do your own in time, pretty bimbo, but for now, I want you to become fascinated with your own image."

John took a seat at the vanity as though already in a daze, but when Miss Lyla ran her fingers through his short hair, the relaxing touch lulled him almost instantly. He took a deep breath, let it out, and when he opened his eyes he saw Miss Lyla's full bosom looming just in front of him as she pulled him close to her chest.

"Breathe in, pretty slut," Miss Lyla commanded. "That's right. Put your face between my soft womanly breasts and breathe in the delicate scent of my perfume. It smells good, doesn't it? It smells soft and sweet and ladylike. It's so soft and warm there against your face, and you can feel how utterly feminine I am. Can't you?"

It was a thing he'd fantasized about from the start. At last. It was his to do. To enjoy. To revel in.

Her chest was pillowy and soft. The faint floral scent of oranges mixed with an exotic spice rushed up John's nostrils, and before he knew it, he found himself pressing his face into the bounteous cleavage spilling out of Miss Lyla's corset top. He couldn't remember ever feeling so relaxed. He just wanted to keep breathing that female scent, keep feeling the warm softness of her skin against his face. Welcoming, enveloping, surrounding, smothering.

He heard Miss Lyla still talking, but he wasn't fully registering the words anymore. He was drifting, soft, peaceful, relaxed...

Her voice came through suddenly clear and focused, while everything else faded away.

That's it. Breathe in. Breathe out. Feel the relaxation spreading through your whole body. You're feeling numb, losing touch with the particulars of the body that you came in here with. Your toes, your feet, your legs...your pelvis. Higher and higher, losing touch with your fingertips, your hands, your arms...your chest.

And still it goes higher. Higher past your neck, your chin, your lips, your nose, your eyes, and even your scalp. And it is going deeper now, to the part of your brain that thinks it has to put on a show. Resist. Fight me. Stay a man. That part can go numb and drift away too, pretty slut. You don't need it anymore.

Isn't it much easier when you can admit what you really want? What you've always wanted? Because no one lets a woman shave his legs, shave his bush, put him in panties and heels and a frilly dress because he wants to simply put his face in her tits.

He does it because he's always wished he had tits of his own.

Somewhere deep inside of you, John, you've had these thoughts before. I knocked on the door, but I didn't fill you with all the things you're allowing me to use to transform you into a better, sluttier version of yourself.

I didn't fill you with pinkness. That was in you from the start. Somewhere at your core, you're always wanted girly things.

You've probably peeked in your mother's underwear drawer. I'm sure there were forbidden things in there that fascinated and surprised you. How could they not? A world that called to you that was sealed to you? You would have been delighted to have your first training bra. You would have thrilled to slip the first pair of soft white cotton panties over your little feminine mound.

It's easier to be a pretty pink princess sissy bimbo slut.

It's better to be a pretty pink princess sissy bimbo slut.

Want to be a pretty pink princess sissy bimbo slut.

You're getting wet at the thought. Your panties are slowly getting damp as you think of everything that waits ahead of you. You give your power over to your Missssstresssss. Miss Lyla controls you. You serve Miss Lyla and Miss Lyla rewards you with trips to the Soft Pink Place.

Feel that? Deep inside of you? Your anxious urgent throbbing lust that's making you mess your pretty sissy panties? That's your true self begging for your silly boy brain to surrender.

Never was much of a man

Never was much of a man.

Better as a woman.

Better as a bimbo.

Better as a slutty bimbo slave.

Say it out loud.

Pretty sissy slave.

Pretty sissy slave.

Pretty sissy slave.

You're waking up.

You're feeling better than you've ever felt.

Pretty sissy slave.

Pretty sissy slave.

And every time you hear your trigger, every time you get called by your true name, pretty bimboslut, you will answer with your heart's desire.

"I am a pretty sissy slave for Miss Lyla."

Feel that, bimboslut.

Pretty sissy slave for Miss Lyla.

Pretty sissy slave for Miss Lyla.

Waking up.

Slowly coming back.

Feeling sexy and submissive.

Ready to be a slut.

Ready to be a slave.

Wake.

John sputtered awake, his vision cloudy and taking a while to clear. When at last he was fully aware, he saw that he was sitting at the vanity in front of the mirror, but he wasn't close to being John anymore.

Someone had done his makeup.

The unsightly dark shadow of his beard was gone, thick coverup expertly blended with foundation that smoothed and contoured his

feature, almost immediately slimming his somewhat puffy face into a sharper and more angular heart shape. The makeup effects had an astonishing shaping effect on his nose, too, making it seem smaller and more feminine. The dark circles under his eyes were gone, smoothed and blended as well. Eyeliner made them pop, seem bigger, and the rose-gold shadow on his lids added refinement and a feminine effect that was matched by the subtle bronzer on his cheeks and the coral pink gloss on his naturally-pouted lips.

As John watched, Miss Lyla lowered a brunette wig over the skullcap covering his boyish mop. The new hairstyle was transformative, a throwback 60s mod style that further shaped his face and features slimmer.

It was almost impossible to see John in there anymore. What looked back at him through the mirror was a girl in a frilly pink dress and flawless makeup, blinking like a naive schoolgirl at her reflection in the mirror.

"How do you feel now?" Miss Lyla prompted.

"I feel... sexy," John admitted, feeling the heat in the tops of his ears.

"Oh now, none of that coy shame," Miss Lyla chided. "There are no boys in here anymore. It's just us girls, John, and you should feel free to be as honest as you truly feel. Sexy isn't all of it, is it? A boy feels sexy about being dressed up by a dominant woman who is planning to claim him as her sissy slave. But what does a bimbo feel when she sees herself?"

John swallowed hard, but he knew it instinctively. He knew it because he hadn't been able to tear his eyes away from the reflection long enough to even answer Miss Lyla honestly. He'd been unable to do anything but stare at the girl in the mirror with unending fascination.

"Oh my god. I love it."

"Goddess," Miss Lyla corrected gently. "Let's not have anything male here in the House of Pink, pretty *bimboslut*."

The feeling was like a shot of electricity straight to his brain and his groin. "I am a pretty sissy slave for Miss Lyla," John whispered to his own reflection, staring into the big doe eyes of the sissy girl sitting primly at the vanity, obsessed with her own reflection.

"Good girl," Miss Lyla purred, running a finger under John's chin. "And good girls deserve good girl naming, don't they? You're not really John anymore, are you, honey? And you want to be more like a girl, don't you?"

"Yes," John admitted with a shudder. "Yes, I want to be more like a girl, Miss Lyla."

Miss Lyla stroked John under the chin, turning his head away from the vision in the mirror. "Good girl. Let's begin immediately. You're not John anymore, pretty sissy slut. From now on..."

She drew it out, staring into John's eyes until he felt lost all over again.

"Harmony. Yes. That's your name. I think it's perfect. Harmony of the mind and body, it's what we're giving you, but it's just slutty enough that you're going to grow into the rest."

John...no, Harmony swallowed hard. "The rest?"

"You have earned a name, pretty Harmony, but surely you don't think it stops there. You want to earn prettier upgrades, don't you? Like tits. You want pretty bimbo boobies, don't you?"

She wiggled and made her own cleavage bounce enticingly.

"Yes," Harmony gasped. "Oh goddess, yes."

"Are you ready to start earning them?" Miss Lyla asked with a wicked smile.

"Yes," Harmony answered eagerly.

"Good girl, Harmony. And not even pausing to consider what the trial might be. I love it," Miss Lyla giggled. "Such a promising little bimbo slut."

When Harmony answered, she felt her panties get damp. "I am a pretty sissy slave for Miss Lyla."

"Good pet. Time to take your next step towards slavery." Miss Lyla snapped her fingers, beckoning Harmony to her hip. "Let's go find your bedroom."

Harmony followed. John was gone from her mind. She was ready to take the next step.

NEXT TIME:

A pink room. Silicone. The spiral.

BONUS: *Excerpt from BIMBO WORLD, a new ongoing series*

Bimbo World was chosen by fans as the next ultra-ongoing series from Solar Harris. Here's an excerpt from [the first episode](#), [available now](#).

"My name's Tinsley."

My fellow captive/roommate helped me sit up. She placed one hand on my back, her small hands not feeling that terribly small when pressed against me. It was then I knew for sure.

It was true. All of it was 100% real.

There was a mirror on the ceiling of the bedroom, so I'd already seen. There were mirrors on the walls of this bedroom, too, full-length ones that would let us stare at our own reflections and become obsessed with them the longer we were meant to stare.

My chestnut brown hair. My obviously wider hips. The straighter, feminine nose. The soft hazel eyes. The expression of dazed shock on my heart-shaped face and the way my fuller glossy lips hung open in vapid disbelief. The soft mounds poking through the simple t-shirt I'd been left sleeping in, too big and with the words WORK BITCH emblazoned across the front.

Parker DeWitt was gone.

"Polly?" The curly brunette I was trapped in this room with leaned into my vision, scrutinizing me over the rims of her hipster glasses. When she used my new name, I snapped out of the haze.

I remembered.

I was a guest here, not a prisoner! Wasn't that right? How lucky was I to be allowed to come to this amazing place? What good fortune to have won that contest!

"Hey," Tinsley asked again. "You in there? Did they put the whammy on you?"

"Did you win the contest, too?" I asked excitedly. "Gawd, I'm so lucky to be here. I don't know what it's like for you, but my parents are SO conservative. Even living in the same town as them has been such an incredible downer. To be able to come here? Have fun? EXPERIMENT? What's your thing? What're you here for?"

Tinsley looked at me like I might have just turned into some kind of monster in front of her. "I was... kidnapped. By this asshole and his crew of goons. I don't know if he put something in my drink or what, but for a while I was a little out of it. I think they tried to brainwash me?"

I giggled in delight. "Oh my gosh! You're going to be so much fun! You're into some pretty dark roleplay, huh? That's cool. Can I tell you a secret? I think I score pretty highly on the purity test. I've tried like almost nothing. But I'm looking forward to the next month here."

Before I could keep going, Tinsley leaned forward, grabbed me by the hair and tugged *hard* on it. The surprisingly searing pain from my scalp almost took my breath away.

"Listen," she said, looking me straight in the eye. "Look at me. Look at me through the pain. I know it hurts." She yanked again and I yelped. "Pain wakes you up and cuts through the pleasure response. You need to focus for a second, Polly. None of that is real. Whatever they told you to believe, it's not true and it's not real. You're not on a pleasure cruise or a hedonist vacation. We both were taken against our will and they're trying to brainwash us. Remember that. Think."

It worked. The fantasy that I dimly believed in faded away and I remembered what really happened. Thank goodness Tinsley didn't recognize me in the body of this fresh-faced wholesome small-town girl as the asshole who'd been employed to collect her and deliver her to this island. That had been me. Only a week on the job in their "HR" department before I accidentally and foolishly bumped into a part of the fantasy hotel they didn't want me to see.

I worked for a literal demon. He did this to me. He cursed me. The brainwashing had already begun, but there was one memory now suddenly crystal-clear in the foreground of my thoughts.

Every time I climaxed, the curse would get a little stronger. Every time I gave into pleasure inside this pretty girl's body, (one that started with a straight figure except for some wider-than-usual hips) I'd be further debauched and corrupted. The demon who made me call him Mr. Lawrence doomed me to become a sex-addicted bimbo fucktoy for the cadre of inhumans secretly invading the world...but I'd

do it slowly. One fuck at a time. Until I doomed myself to the final bimbo oblivion.

I gasped out loud. Tinsley saw this, and sudden disapproval showed on her face. "Don't give in so easy," she cautioned. "We need to keep our heads on our shoulders, both of us. This place is a little bit seductive, I know, but we can't get swept up in it. Can you tell me anything about yourself? Can you remember your real name?"

I could remember. In that one horrible moment, I could remember clearly enough to realize that I was the person she hated. I was the person who has done this to her. Shame and regret filled my being. I knew I had done wrong when I collected her. I tried to rationalize it away, but now that I knew the complete truth, what was actually happening here, what we were all destined to become...

There was no way around it. I had been an agent of evil. I couldn't bring myself to admit it to her, not then, not when the anger blazed behind her eyes, and not when Tinsley was perhaps the best hope I had of somehow escaping my fate.

"No," I lied quickly. "I don't think I can remember my name."

"We will work on that," Tinsley promised. "For now, get centered. They're going to come in soon to start the indoctrination. If we're lucky, that is."

I sat up. What do you mean 'if we're lucky?' What's worse?"

Tinsley grimaced. "They might decide to play dress-up, too."

[GET BIMBO'D – Own it Today!](#)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Solar Harris resides in southern California and retains dual citizenship in assorted virtual worlds on the internet. Solar is the author of the *ACQUIRED* series of genderbending sci-fi erotic thrillers, the sci-fi serialized erotic adventure *Rubyfruit Plus* as well as a number of other erotic fiction novellas and short stories. She is also the author of *Outfoxed*, a contemporary romance about scandal, revenge, and getting out of abusive relationships while getting sweet sweet revenge.

Having recently been ordered to do a better job being a writer in the 21st century, Solar keeps a tumblr of assorted musings, dirty pictures, sketches, and quickies at solarharris.tumblr.com. She is trying harder to be active on Goodreads and will gleefully chat and share dirty book recs there with anyone who's interested. Solar is also on twitter as **@solarharris** and is always interested in hearing from readers.

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